Me thought their soules, whose bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie,
I promise you, my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lords?
Lo. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction,

His Oration to his souldiers.

More then I haue said, louing countrimen,
The leisure and inforcement of the time,
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The praiers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,
Richard, except those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? trulie gentlemen,
A bloudie tirant, and a homicide.
One raisd in bloud, and one in bloud established,
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those, that were the meanes to helpe him
A base foule stone, made precious by the foile,
Of Englands chaire, where he is falsely set,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemie.
Then if you fight against Gods enemie,
God will in iustice, ward you as his souldiers,
If you doe sweate to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the tyrant being slaine,
If you do fight against your countries foes,
Your countries fat, shall paie your paines the hire.
If you do fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerors,
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Aduance your standards, draw your willing swords,
For me, the ransome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this colde corps on the earths cold face:

But

7 Whie

But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you, shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldlie, and chearefullie,
God, and Saint George, Richmond and victorie.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond.
Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in armes.
King. He said the truth, and what said Surrey then.
Rat. He smiled and said, the better for our purpose.
King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is:
Tell the clocke there. *The clocke striketh.*
Giue me a calender, who saw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he disdaines to shine, for by the booke,
He should haue braud the East an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to some bodie Rat.
Rat. My Lord.
King. The sunne will not be seene to day,
The skie doth frowne, and lowre vpon our armie,
I would these dewie teares were from the ground,
Not shine to day: why, what is that to me?
More then to Richmond, for the selfe-same heauen,
That frownes on me, lookes sadlie vpon him.

Enter Norffolke.

Norff. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my horse,
Call vp Lord Stanlie, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth, my souldiers to the plaine,
And thus my battaile shall be ordered,
My foreward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equallie of horse and foote,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
Iohn, Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of this foote and horse,
They thus directed, we will follow,
In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side,
Shall be well winged with our cheefest horse:
This, and Saint George to bootes, what thinkest thou Norffolke?

30 drawen out all 36 mayne battle